

all new

The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS



NO. 18 00006
FEB 76/CDC

Barney & Betty RUBBLE

Hanna-Barbera
Productions

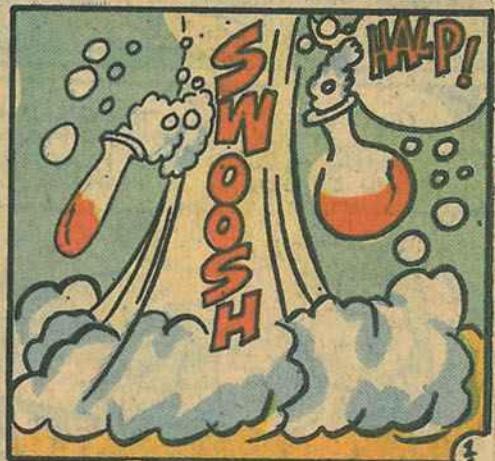


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times

Barney & Betty in THE MOD RUBBLE SCIENTIST



BARNEY & BETTY

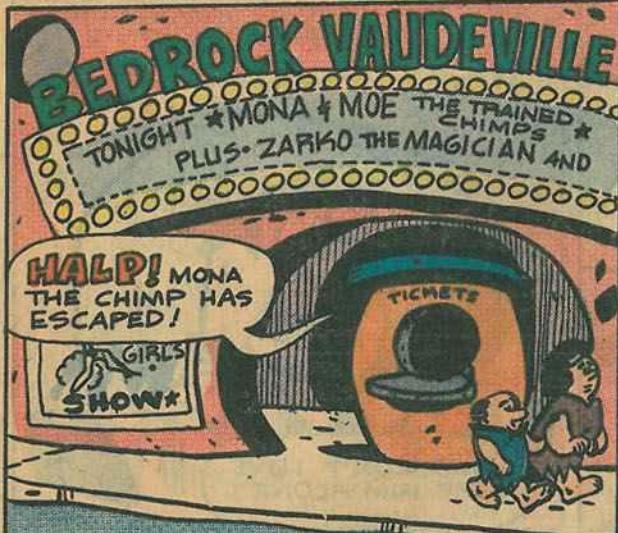
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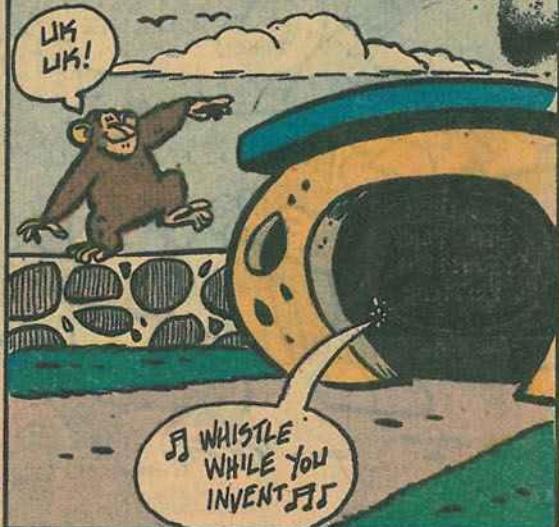
MEANWHILE, AT THE BEDROCK VAUDEVILLE THEATRE...



AT THAT VERY MOMENT...



...AT BARNEY'S GARAGE...ER...LABORATORY



ALL THIS HEAVY SCIENCE WORK SURE TIRES ME OUT!

I'LL GO INSIDE THE HOUSE AND TAKE A NAP!



I THINK I'LL CHECK
IN ON BARN' AND SEE
HOW HIS EXPERIMENTS
ARE COMING ALONG!

EEK UK

OH NO! BARNEY'S CHANGED
HIMSELF INTO A
MONKEY!

I SHOULDN'T HAVE
LEFT HIM ALONE!

COME, BARNEY, WE
CAN'T LET BETTY
FIND YOU LIKE
THIS!

WE'LL GO TO MY HOUSE... YOU
CAN HAVE MILK AND COOKIES
WHILE I CALL PROFESSOR
MCNUT... HE'LL KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

EEK
UK

IT'S NO USE, BARN'
OL' BUDDY, THE
PROF IS ON HIS
VACATION!

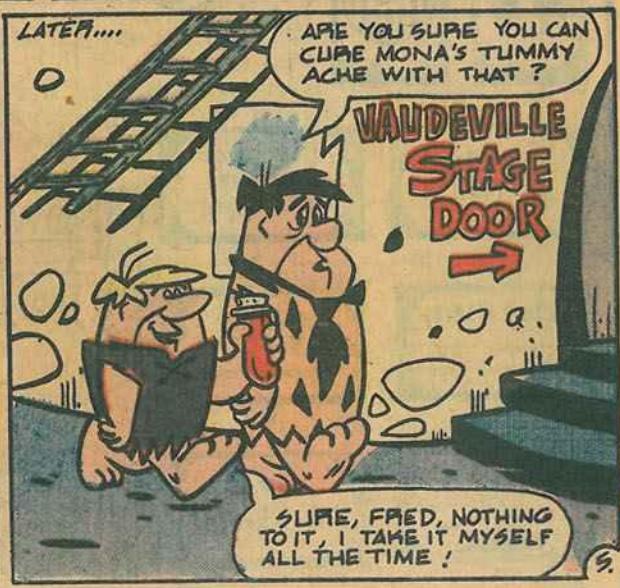
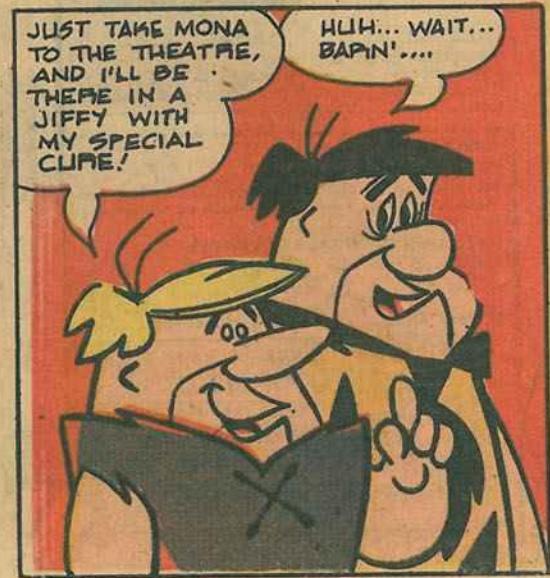
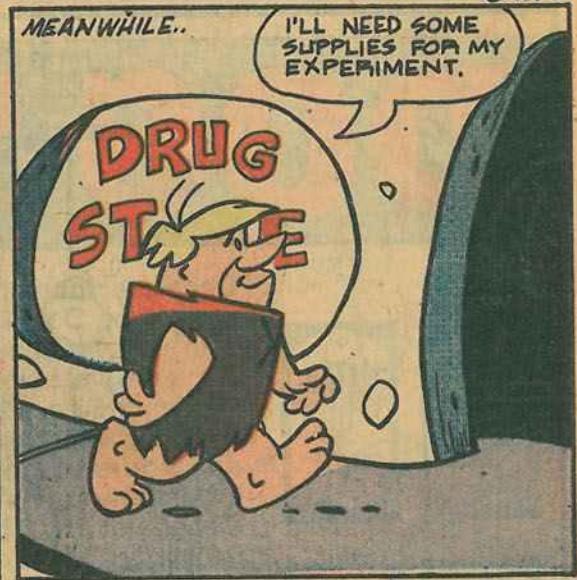
...QUIT MONKEYING
AROUND... OOPS
SORRY, BARN!

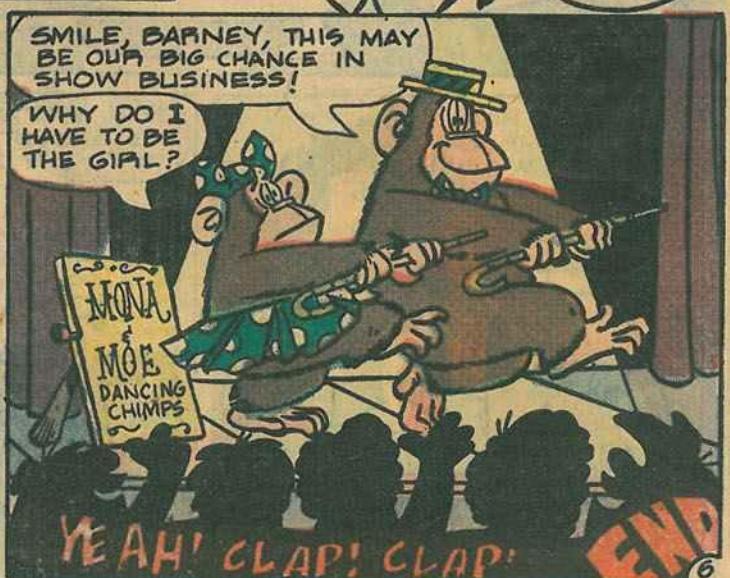
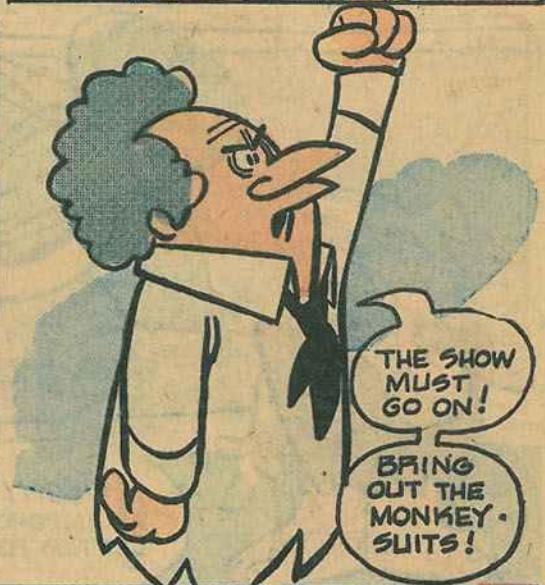
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING
IN THE DRUG STORE THAT
WILL CHANGE YOU BACK
TO NORMAL!

DRUG
STORE

UK
UK

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE





Barney & Betty RUBBLE

IN ROAD TEST

SPECIAL DELIVERY
FOR BETTY RUBBLE!
HEY, BARNY, THE
FLINTSTONES GOT
ONE JUST LIKE IT!

BEDROCK
POSTAL SERVICE

HEY, BETTY! IT'S
AN IMPORTANT
LETTER FOR YOU!

D-7777

IT'S FROM THE HIWAY
DEPT. IT'S TIME FOR
YOU TO RENEW YOUR
LICENSE ... YOU'LL HAVE
TO TAKE A DRIVER'S
TEST!

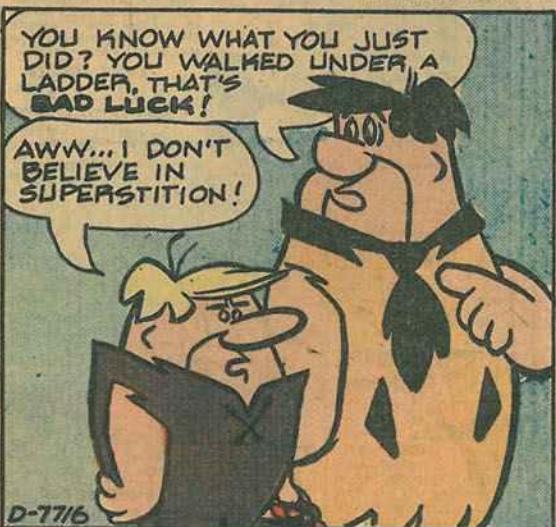
OH, NO!

YEAH, YOU AND WILMA TOOK THE LAST
TEST TOGETHER, SO YOU'LL BOTH HAVE
TO TAKE IT OVER ... I'LL HAVE TO WARN
EVERYONE TO STAY OFF
THE STREETS!

WHY, FRED, WILMA
AND I DRIVE AS
WELL AS YOU DO!







SPLAT



BETTY & BOPPY RUBBLE

WHO'S UP, Doc?

HEY, BETTY, WHAT'S
THE MATTER WITH
HOPPY?

OH, THE BIG
BABY... YOU'D
THINK NO ONE
HAS EVER HAD A
STOMACH ACHE
BEFORE!

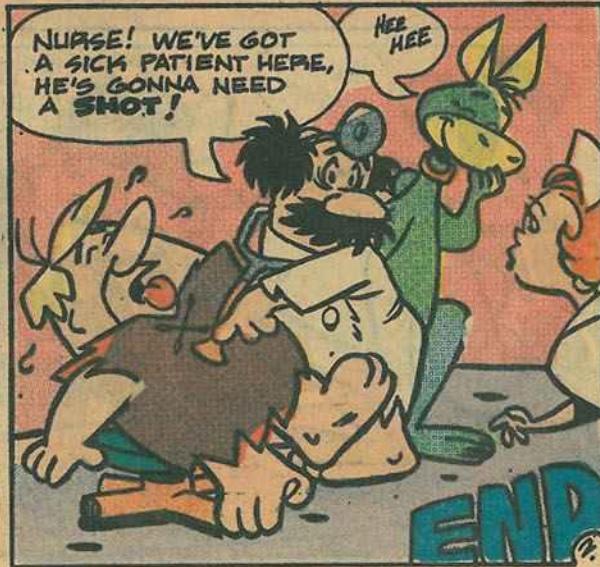
I'D BETTER
TAKE HIM TO
THE DOCTOR!

AAAGGH

D-7715

HAMP!
HAMP!

MAYBE THE
DOCTOR CAN
GIVE HIM A
SHOT!



Barby & Bamm Bamm IN RUBBLE KNOT UP TO PAR

AAAH... THERE'S
NOTHING MORE
RELAXING THAN A
GOOD ROUND OF
GOLF!

FORE!



EAT YOUR HEART
OUT, ARNOLD PALM TREE!

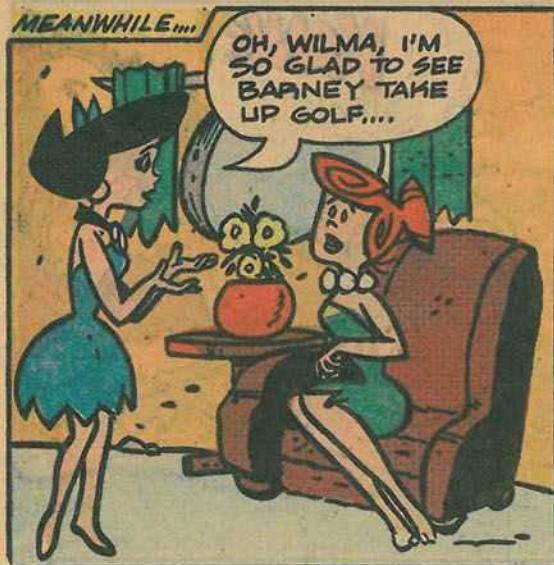


HUH?

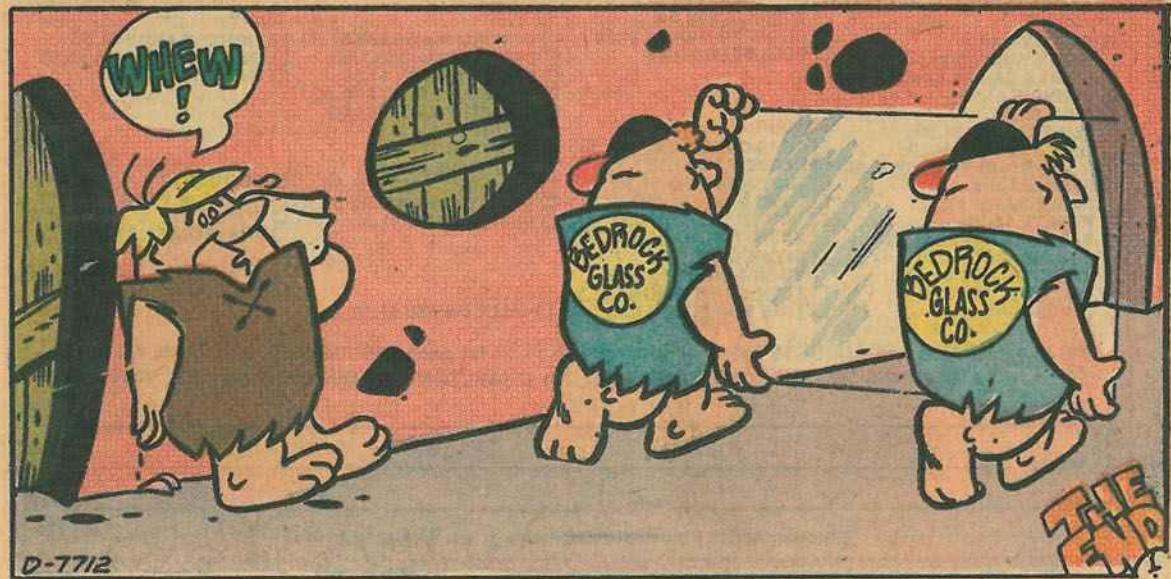
TEE-HEE



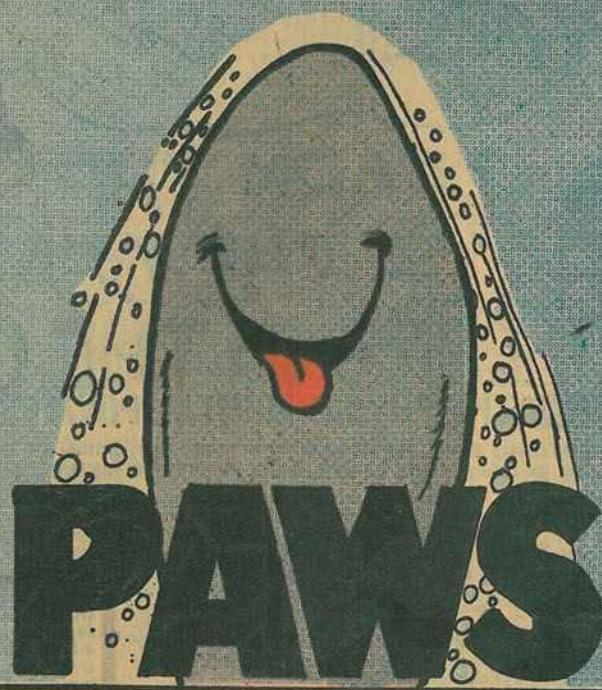




BETTY & BONNIE RUBBLE IN A REAL PANE



Barby & Betty RUBBLE



LATER....

STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT MOVIE AND GO TO SLEEP! REMEMBER, YOU AND FRED ARE GOING FISHING TOMORROW!

FISHING?
.... OH.....
YEAH, I'D FORGOTTEN!

HEY, FRED, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THERE COULD BE ANY MONSTERS WHERE WE'RE GOING, DO YOU?

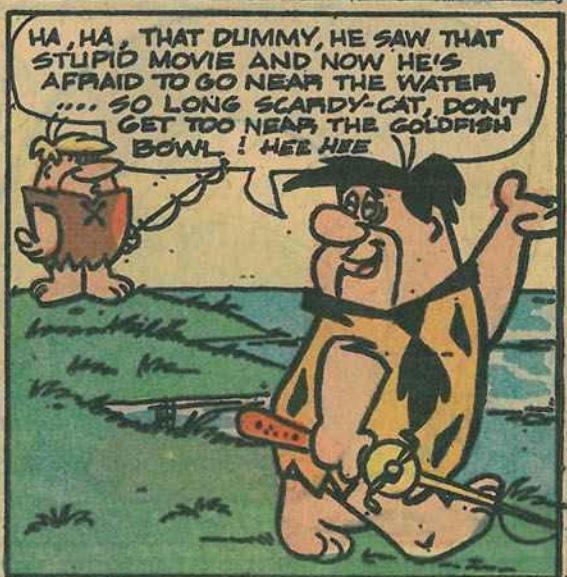
I SURE HOPE SO, I'D LIKE TO CATCH A FEW FOR SUPPER!



SEE, BARNEY... NOW HOW COULD YOU THINK THERE WERE ANY MONSTERS OUT IN THAT PEACEFUL WATER?

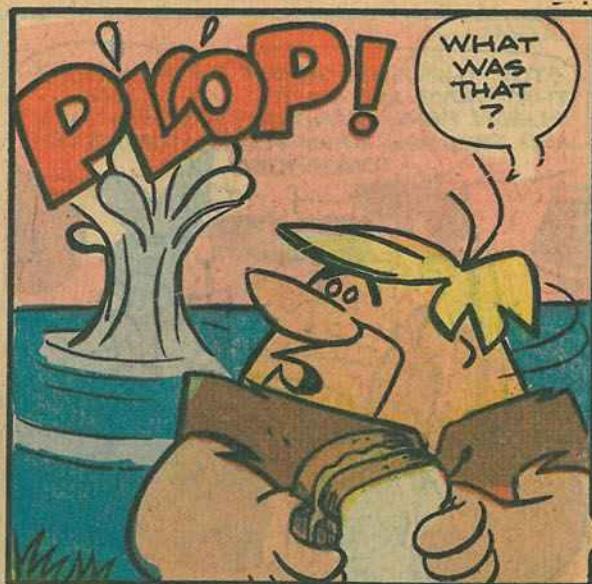
WELL, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES. I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE!

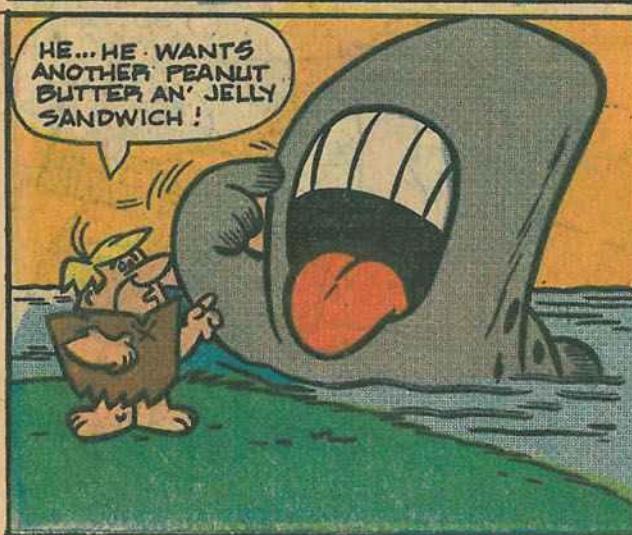
HA, HA, THAT DUMMY, HE SAW THAT STUPID MOVIE AND NOW HE'S AFRAID TO GO NEAR THE WATER.... SO LONG SCARDY-CAT, DON'T GET TOO NEAR THE GOLDFISH BOWL! HEE HEE

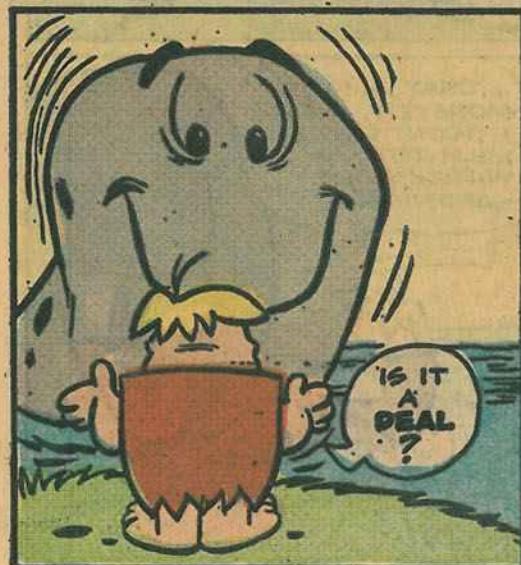


I DON'T CARE WHAT FRED SAYS... I'M STAYING HERE WHERE IT'S SAFE!



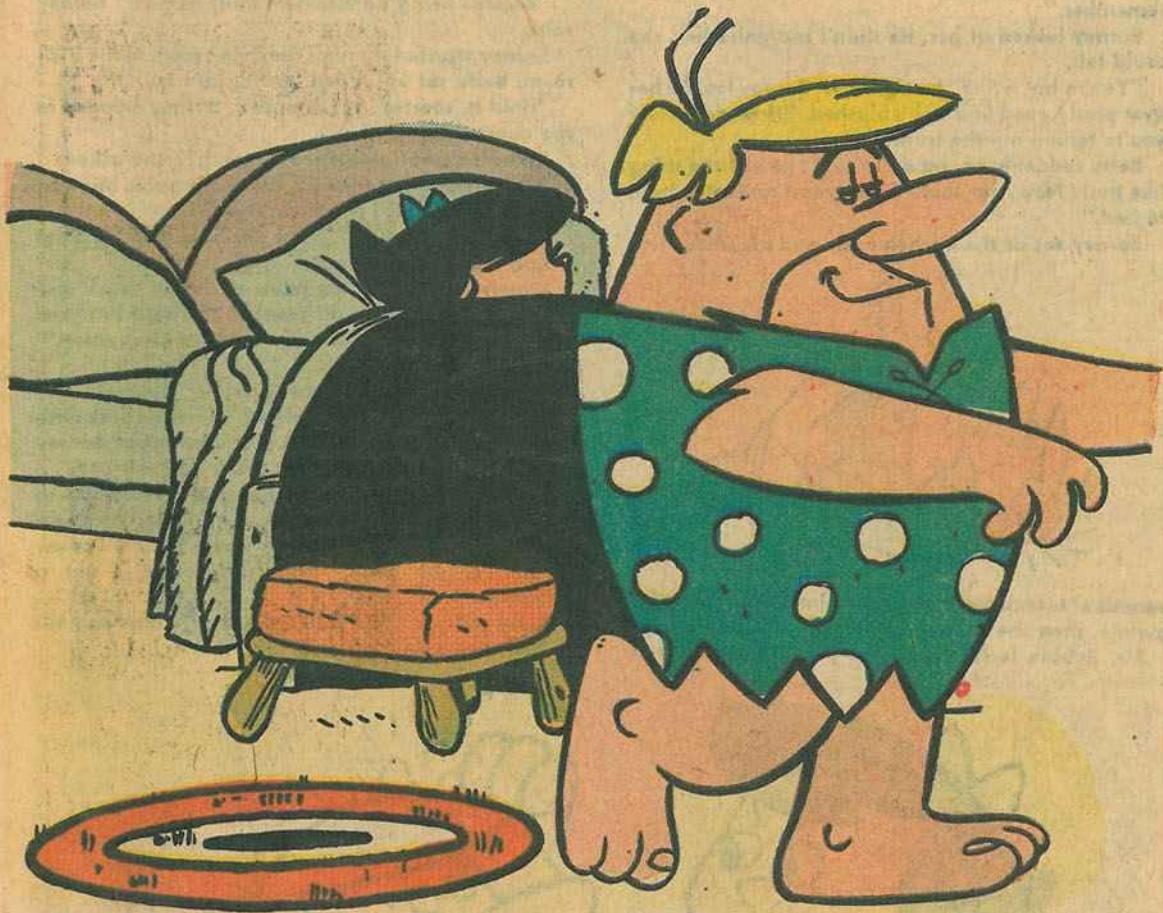








Who Am I?



When Barney slept, he often dreamed. And what he dreamed about most often was food. So, when Barney dreamed about food, he'd get up in the middle of the night and go sleepwalking right to the icebox.

In Bedrock, 7,000 B.C., they didn't have refrigerators yet.

Give or take a few 1,000 years, that's when Barney, Betty, and the Flintstones were living it up.

So, Barney dreamed about food. And one night he dreamed about the cold brontosaurus roast in the icebox. So, Barney got up in his sleep, very carefully so he wouldn't awaken Betty, and headed for the icebox in the kitchen. He almost had it made when in the dark kitchen he stepped on Bamm-Bamm's rattle.

It rolled. Barney tumbled, Barney came down on his

head.

WHACK!

Betty heard it all. She heard the rattle. She heard Barney's yell as he went up in the air and then came down on his head.

Betty ran to the kitchen and there was Barney balanced precariously on his flat head. She pushed him gently and he subsided with a frightening thud.

Betty looked at him. She went to the sink and got a cup of cold water to splash him. It didn't work. Barney laid on his back, snoring gently. Betty was worried so she pinched him, slapped him, and then gave him a big kiss. Nothing worked. Especially not the kiss.

So, Betty did the only thing left to do. She opened the icebox, took out the remains of the bronto roast

and passed it slowly under his nose.

Barney's eyelids fluttered, then his eyes opened slowly. The miracle drug, brentosaurus roast, had worked again!

"Duh... that's bee-yeatiful!" Barney said with great sincerity and sat up, at the same time reaching for the big platter of meat.

"Oh, no," Betty said, yanking the platter out of reach. "You're on a diet, remember?"

Barney looked at Betty blankly.

"No, I don't remember. And what are you doing in my house, lady?"

Betty stared. "What am I doing in your house? This is our house and I'm your wife in case you can't remember."

Barney looked at her. He didn't recognize her, she could tell.

"You're my wife?" he repeated. Barney looked her over pretty good and Betty blushed. "How do I know you're telling me the truth?"

Betty suddenly got mad. "Would I lie about a thing like that? Now, eat some brento roast and come back to bed."

Barney sat at the kitchen table and ate about two



pounds of brento. Betty watched him chomp away for awhile, then she went back to bed.

Mr. Rubble looked after the pretty brunette and

wondered if she was lying to him. He didn't know he was Barney Rubble, of course. He'd had a total loss of memory when he got hit on his head.

So, he went in the bathroom and looked in the mirror.

The face looking back at him was that of a total stranger. But he had to admit he was a pretty good-looking guy.

"Hmm. No wonder she says I'm her husband," Barney said to himself. "I'm a pretty good-looking guy."

In the living room, he looked around. TV set. Couch. Chair. Good solid rock house. Whoever he was, he was pretty well off.

"Besides being handsome, I must be rich!" Barney said.

Barney strutted through the living room to the bedroom. Betty sat up in bed, staring at him.

"Hold it, shorty!" she snapped. Barney stepped in the doorway.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked.

Barney looked at the nice, big comfortable bed and yawned. "To bed. I live here, right?"

Betty looked at him. "If you live here, then who am I. And what's your name?"

Barney patted his bellyful of brento roast and belched. "What's the difference? You said I'm your husband. I'm tired out and I wanna get some sleep."

Betty looked at him.

"Oh, no! Just stand right there, Mr. Rubble!"

Betty got up, went to the closet, and came back with a nice club. She brought it up and whacked Barney good and hard on top of this head.

Barney went down again. Betty put the club back in the closet and then came back, wiping Barney's face gently with a cool cloth. Barney's eyes fluttered open.

"Betty?" he said. "What happened. I got a headache!"

Betty smiled. "That's all right, dear. Come on back to bed. You'll feel better in the morning."

